Doth not the obiect pleaſe your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes pleaſe them that feare their wracke.

Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie muſt be laid aſide,
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle lookes?
Not to the beaſt that would vſurpe his den.
Whoſe hand is that the ſauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoiles his young before his face.
Whoſe ſcapes the lurking ſerpentes mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in reſcue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his ſonne a king,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing ſire.
Thou being a king bleſt with a goodlie ſonne,
Didſt giue conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argude thee a moſt vnnaturall father.
Vnreaſonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe ſame wings
Which they haue ſometime vſde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their neſt,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame my Lord, make them your preſident,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,

Should

ſhould loſe his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter ſaie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſſe father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiſeth ſucceſſefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didſt thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got had euer bad ſucceſſe,
And happie euer was it for that ſonne,
Whoſe father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my ſonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As askes a thouſand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the preſent profit counteruaile.
Ah coſen *Yorke*, would thy beſt friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head ſtands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.

You promiſde knighthood to your princelie ſonne.
Vnſheath your ſword and ſtraight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe *Edward*.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a knight,
And learne this leſſon boy, draw thy ſword in right

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vſe it to the death.

Northum.